St. John Daily Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d. in Advance;—6s 3d not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* pay debts for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Cash:

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 8 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 17 copies for One Year;

For $10 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

George Hutchinson,
SURGEON DENTIST——PETERS STREET.
(opposite the residence of Dr. Paterson)

CHARLES N. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel——*Post Office Building*
State street, BOSTON,
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
TORONTO, C. W., AGENCY.
Apply to CHARLES L. STREET.
November 21. 6m

Notice.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firms of "Allison and Spurr" here, and "James Dewolfe Spurr and Co." at Liverpool, G. B., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons having claims upon either of the above Firms are requested to render them for settlement; and all parties indebted will please make early payment to either of the undersigned.

EDWARD ALLISON,
JAMES DEWOLFE SPURR & CO.
By EDWARD ALLISON, *his Attorney.*
St. John, 1st March, 1852.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has lately removed his establishment to the above House, 16 miles from this City, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons.

DINNERS, &c. &c., go up at shortest notice.

Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES, &c. &c.

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, careful hostlers always in attendance. WASHINGTON ALDEN.

February 2, 1849.

First Supply of NEW SPRING
BOOTS & SHOES.
S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies' Fashionable SHOE Store,
Foster's Corner, Germain Street.

New Boots and Shoes,

Just received from London per Steamer via Boston; LADIES English and French Satin SLIPPERS; Jenny Lind, Hungarian, Coronation, and Victoria Strapped and Walking *Shoes*; Ladies', Misses and Children's Prunella, Cashmere and Coburg BOOTS and Cossacks; Ladies', Misses and Children's SHOES, in great variety, with various other articles. (March 26.) S. K. FOSTER.

1852.
Spring Style of HATS.
G. D. EVERETT & SON,

HAVE just received, per *Duke* from Boston, their *Spring Style* of HAT BLOCKS, and are prepared to furnish Gentlemen with *Fashionable HATS*, of various qualities.

Our best Hats, which are equal to the best manufactured in the United States or elsewhere, are only 20s. each; other qualities proportionally low.

HATS and CAPS of all kinds constantly on hand. ☞ *Call and see the New Style.*

G. D. EVERETT & SON,
East side Market Square and North side King-Street.
March 12.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Peters Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29, 1851. G. C. Lee, No. 7, 6m.

NEW BOOKS.

STEAM, SHIP, DOCK, AND RAILROAD—Harvey Lewis, 3s. 6d.

HAVING just received the latest Machinery, we can be prepared for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, Spindles, Window Frames, Banisters, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.

May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

TWINES & ANCHORS.

FOR Sale by the Subscriber: ASSORTED TWINES, from ¼ to 1 3-4 inch; Do. ANCHORS of all sizes.

April 23. EDWARD ALLISON.

NOTICE.

J. McL. SEELY has removed his Office to the City Wigwam' Brick Building, over the Telegraph Office, and opposite the new Post Office, where he will continue the business of

TRADE BROKER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Having in May last resigned his Food business to RICHARD SEELY and D. V. ROGERS, and the receiving and surveying of Timber at Indian Town to Geo. W. Rogers, solicits for them that patronage so liberally bestowed on himself. 3m May 7.

INSURANCE.

British Institution, London and Edinburgh.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscribers. J. WOODWARD,

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY ULTRAMAR.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John R. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner.—Wm. Bayard, Esq., M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PROTECTION SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium fare as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVIDENDS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus to the Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting insurance.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst: Theophilus Deveber, Esq.
Chatham: William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie: William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: J. Henry Peale, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.
St. Stephens: W. T. Rae, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B.*

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company.

[*Established in* 1836.]

Capital £2,000,000—in shares of Twenty Pounds.

THE Stockholders of this Company are responsible to the full extent of their property for the liabilities of the Company.

The undersigned hereby notifies the Public of New-Brunswick that the above-named Company have empowered him, by a full and ample Power of Attorney, to open an Office in the City of Saint John, for the Insurance of PROPERTY against loss or damage by FIRE, in any part of the Province, and to sign and issue Policies in the name of the Company; and that in virtue of the power vested in him by the said Power of Attorney, he has appointed Mr. ADAM JACK to act as Agent for the said Company, in the receiving of proposals for Insurance, and the inspection of premises proposed for Insurance, and all other the usual duties of an Agent; and to collect and receive the amount of premium on any policy issued by the undersigned in the name of the said Company, or for the renewal of the same.

The Deed of settlement, and the supplemental Deed of settlement, lies with Mr. Jack, at the Office of the *New Brunswick Marine Assurance Company*, also the pamphlets issued by the office at Liverpool, affording ample details of the mode of transacting business by the Company.

The rates of premium will be as low as any other respectable Company, and the undersigned trusts a fair portion of public patronage will be accorded to the Company.

Losses not exceeding £300 will be settled without referring to the head Office at Liverpool.

EDWARD ALLISON.

Dated at St. John, N. B., 4th August, 1851.

No. 17, King Street.
CHEAP
Hat, Cap, & Fur Store,

THE Subscribers will open their *New Store, No. 17, King Street*, on Saturday, May 1, with an extensive variety of new and fashionable GOODS imported by late arrivals, and manufactured expressly for this Establishment.

It being fitted up in the Modern Style and adapted to their trade, and as all articles will be marked at prices decidedly to the advantage of the purchaser; which combined will offer an additional inducement to our Customers and the public to continue their patronage. A Call is requested.

April 30, 1852. LOCKHART & CO.

FAR AGAIN.

AS a number of my friends have requested me to re-open my BOARDING HOUSE, I have therefore concluded to do so; and will be most happy to accommodate any of my old friends, or any of my new ones, and do pledge myself to give them as good Food, &c., and at as reasonable a rate, as can be obtained at any other House in the province.

JOHN B. TRAVIS.

Indian Town, February 6th, 1852.

For Sale or Lease,
And immediate Possession given:—

A SAW MILL, with 300 acres of land attached, in upper Sussex, formerly owned by John C. Vail, Esq., and now in possession of H. C. Snider—Terms moderate. Enquire of

L. H. DEVEBER & SON.
Feb. 27.

VEGETABLE SEED.

100 BUSHELS, the growth of the County of York, in Two Bushels Bags.—For Sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
March 12. *Prince Wm Street.*

Garden and Flower Seeds.—The Subscriber has received per *Sir Harry Smith*, from London—A General assortment of Field, Garden, and Flower SEEDS. Warranted the growth of 1852. (April 29.) S. L. TILLEY.

A Notice of Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his business to the Store in the Waverly House, adjoining the store of B. O'Brien, King Street.

May 7. JOHN G. SHART.

POETRY.

(From Hoff's Instructor.)

THE DYING MAIDEN TO HER SISTER.

O! come, my sister, to my side,
And let thy hand in mine;
Thou art the first on all the brightest hopes
My heart must soon resign.

I feel a language fill my soul,
A language not of earth;
And as I am to utter years,
Can never feel again.

Together, we no more shall joy
To hear the evening breeze,
Nor stand beneath the evening sky,
To hear the first lark sing.

Not shall I see the lovely flowers
Around our cottage door;
And woodland heights, and pleasant haughs
Shall bloom for me no more,

Yet weep not so, my sister dear,
Nor vex thy kindly heart—
There is a happy, happy home,
Where souls shall never part.

I change this final meeting scene
For one that changeth not;
Nor shall the sentences of earth
Invade that blessed spot.

What, though the lovely flowers
Are fading from my sight—
What though to me you beauteous sun
Shall soon be quenched in night.

Earth's brightest sun, its sweetest bud,
Must fect beyond recall,
But the everlasting smile of Heaven
Both far surpass them all.

My sister! if, in future years,
Thy Cup be full of bliss,
Forget not, 'mid thy brightest hours,
That thou must come to this!

If anxious care thy portion be,
While latte life's varied day,
Forget not God! He will not let
Thee faint upon the way,

Her voice hath ceased—Death's chilly hand
Is laid upon the tongue,
That pour'd the sweetest melodies
That o'er on earth have rung.

Now all her sorrows on this scene
In time's last change are o'er;
Her happy soul to brighter climes
Hath fled for evermore.

(From the Royal Gazette, July 7.)

KING'S COLLEGE ENCAENIA.

The annual Sermon before the university was preached in the Cathedral on Sunday, June 20, by the Rev. W. Q. Ketchum, A. M.

On Monday, June 21, the Terminal Examination was held, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the Candidates for Degrees were examined.

On Thursday, June 24, the Public Academical Act was held in full Convocation, the Chief Justice presiding as Chancellor. The Commemorative Oration was delivered by Professor Robb. Mr. Thomas A. Gregory read his Essay on "The Literary and Scientific Characteristics of the Nineteenth Century compared with those of the Augustan Age."

The following Students were admitted Bachelors of Arts:—

Neville G. D. Parker, G. Goodridge Roberts, Thomas A. Gregory, Chas. F. Street, William H. Murray, John Davidson, George E. W. Kuator, Beckwith Ii. Hartt.

The Chancellor presented to Mr. G. G. Roberts the Douglas Gold Medal which had been adjudged to him for his Essay read at the last Encaenia; and a similar Medal to Mr. T. A. Gregory for the Essay of the present year, also prizes of Books, as follows:

For general proficiency, entitling to the Monetary Class of the Examination for Degrees in Michaelmas Term, to Mr. G. G. Roberts, Brotier's Tactius.

For the same, at the Examination for Easter Term, to Mr. H. E. W. Kuator, Schoefield's Euripides and Bell on the hand; and to Mr. S. H. Sinnott, Dindorf's Sophocles, and Cicero de Fatibus.

For proficiency in the Mathematical and Physical Departments, to Mr. W. A. Murray, De Morgan's Differential Calculus; and in the Theological Department, to Mr. J. Davidson, Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History.

The Chancellor proposed as the subject of Essays for the Douglas Gold Medal of the ensuing year, "*Mahomet; his career, and its effects*;" and after making an impressive Address to the Students, he adjourned the Convocation.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Legislative Session has been closed by Sir Gaspard LeMarchant, with the following Speech:—

"I felt it my duty to terminate a session that has been protracted to a most inconvenient length.

"I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the public service. These shall be expended in the manner best calculated to meet the exigencies of the colony, and to promote the efficiency of the Government of this Island.

"In closing this, the last session of the present General Assembly, I must express my deep regret, that in place of the harmony and concord that marked the earlier part of your Legislative career, party animosities and acrimonious debates have occupied the time which might have been usefully devoted to the development of the resources of the Island, and the promotion of the welfare of its inhabitants; and I must also add, that I feel disappointment, that after four years' legislation, I have it not in my power to congratulate Newfoundland, on the benefits derived from your labours being commensurate either with the length of time consumed in your deliberations, or with the necessary expense with which the same has been attended.

"The Fishery news from Newfoundland is very cheering—the catch having been abundant.

Several P. E. I. and Nova-Scotia vessels have lately sold well in the Newfoundland Market—Brigantine from 116 to 123 tons bringing £950 cash.

The police interfered with the pastime of a number of fellows in Newfoundland who were hanging Sir Gaspard LeMarchant in effigy.—*Halifax North American.*

NEW POTATOES.—We have this morning been shown 12 samples of potatoes grown in the open air on Hay Park Farm, the property of Alexander Martin, Esq.; they were planted the last week in April—some of these potatoes are nearly full size. We believe this is a circumstance unprecedented in any year,—it is highly creditable to the enterprising proprietor, and a proof of the forwardness of the season.—*Courier.*

Louis Napoleon has threatened the correspondent of the English papers in France, with expulsion from that country, if they persist in disquisitions inimical to his rule. This breach upon the liberty of the subject they have very properly remonstrated against; and the papers with which they are connected defy his power. The British ambassador at Paris has applied to the French government for an explanation of the President's menace.

MISCELLANY.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

One evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and sitting in a state of hilarious gaity in front of Senora Arguellas' country house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bombshell had suddenly exploded at our feet.—But first a brief account of those persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelvemonth previously had necessited my removal from Jamaica to a much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young Lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The Neptune had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons &c., to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good humour, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havannah and Albana cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a fire or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the Island, and which were glittering with the myriad splendours of the intensely lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drank very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The Senor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

"Do no go away," said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, "till I see you again. When you are at leisure ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements."

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtsied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free-coloured families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar-cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba.—The American gentlemen had previously expressed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's negro principles, as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of colored people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humour into a flame, and I gathered from a confused malediction that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other.—Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: "I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable."

"Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*" shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstacy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less."

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. "Let us proceed," he said in a quick whisper, to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption." He took Dupon's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the eldest of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: "I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall"——

"Thank you, Mr. Desmond," replied the English captain; "but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight Mr. Dupont."

"What does he say?" exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle.

"Not fight!"

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flashed as hotly in the veins of the Americans, as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. "Not fight, Captain Starkey?" said Mr. Desmond, with grave earnestness, after a painful pause; "you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this? You must be jesting?"

"I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle."

"A coward upon principle!" fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a scorpion. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

"Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat, I will not fight with you."

"But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!" exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; "or, by Heavens I will post you as a dastard throughout not only this Island but Jamaica!"

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

"The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your ant's petticoats, Alphonso!" shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

"I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman," exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much insensed; "but at all events, as my father and mother were borne and raised in the old country, if you insinuate that"——

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantes là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt and scorn, broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the last named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she sweet by, as if—so I perhaps wrongfully interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contract with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: "*Lache!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. "*Jeontez monsieur*," said Captain Starkey: "individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say: but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to board me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica." He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, coloured as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already peak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Points Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and sense of confidence that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on ship-board. There was a constraint in the behaviour of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at a table with freezing civility: the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter of an hour afterward. Captain Starkey went below, and was soon asleep, I understand, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first-mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faints hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly, round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at the moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild out-cry of Fire! fire!—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and blightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sineway, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to fatten down the blazing hatchway. This with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the forecastle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigour, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: "Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment." Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: "You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then attentively. You drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish."

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. "Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember," he added as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, "that I will send a bullet after any, man that disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!"

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. "Well done my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you"—and he named them—"remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear."

The passengers were by this time rushing upon the deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as coloured, forced their way with frenzied eargerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. "Back, back!" he shouted. We must have funeral order here—first the woman and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!"

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength she must have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!" roared captain Starkey, terrible excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: "or if you will, look there but for a moment," and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light lit but a few yards' distance from the ship. "Men," he added, "let whosoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

"Pull off," was the order: "you are deep enough for safety."

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

"Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!"

The next boat was quickly loaded; the coloured lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

"You are a noble fellow," said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; "and I was but a fool to"——

"Pass on," was the reply: "there is no time to bandy compliments."

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light on me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

"Hold on a moment!" he cried. "Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;" and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: "Remember me, lad, to my father and mother should I not see them again."

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered among us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont the remaining coloured man, the four seamen, and Capt. Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

"Can she bear another?" he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

"We must, and will sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with you ugly customers swimming round us."

"Stay a moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board." He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with the still senseless body of the Lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. "Now pull for your lives!" The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. "We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, hail him be smart; there may be a chance yet." All this scene, this long agony, which has taken so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmnes and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descrying the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was hard ahead, hastily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot-boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

"What ship is that cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

"The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!"

I swung eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: "A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship."

"That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice!" exclaimed the foremost pilot. "Hurra, then, for the prize!" and away both sped with eager vigour, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all there too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely hear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end it. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I now lay con-